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MR. AND MRS. PENFIELD

SEND

ALL GOOD WISHES FOR A MERRY
CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY
AND PROSPEROUS
NEW YEAR

787 Fifth Avenue
New York

THE MOTOR THAT WENT TO COURT

QUEEN VICTORIA OF SPAIN

THE MOTOR THAT WENT TO COURT

A FACT-STORY, WITH
RANDOM ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

FREDERIC COURTLAND PENFIELD, A.M.

AUTHOR OF "PRESENT-DAY EGYPT,"
"EAST OF SUEZ," ETC.

PRIVATELY PRINTED
CHRISTMAS
1909

DP402
.P43

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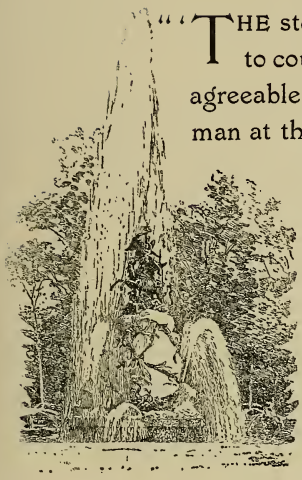
THE MOTOR THAT WENT TO COURT

BLUE PETER AND TENDER,
AT SPANISH FRONTIER

THE MOTOR THAT WENT TO COURT



"'THE story of an automobile that went to court!' Pardon me for being disagreeable, Judge," drawled the youngest man at the club table; "but I 'm sure I have heard it several times. It is 'ten dollars and costs,' with a sermon thrown in about being a menace to public safety." Young Travers belonged to that plutocratic and irresponsible class which feels pressing need for traveling faster than anybody else, law or no law.

"It is no police-court romance or incident of Jersey injustice," ventured the Judge, "but the unvarnished tale of how a certain car caused the mixing up of a sure-enough king, a prime minister, a chauffeur, and a group of sovereign American tourists. I imagine you fellows never thought of the automobile as a good mixer or

medium for strengthening strained international relations, did you?"

"Spin the yarn, Judge, and remember that there is no time allowance. We hear too much of free-board and backstay preventers," pleaded a grizzled, deep-water mariner who had sailed cup-defenders. "And never mind the banter of these boys. We're all glad to see you home again."

"Well, this motor was almost amphibious, for down in Catalonia, where the roads were so bad that only mules and peons could navigate them, we actually ran five or six miles along the half-dried bed of a river; and near the Mediterranean, where there were no bridges, we frequently forded streams so deep that the floor of the Blue Peter was washed by the water. This is gospel truth. My host, Max Randolph — he belongs to our club, you know, — seriously considered hoisting the burgee of the New York Yacht Club over the car, and putting the chauffeur into sailing-master's rig."

"We all know Lucky Max Randolph, and love him," came from another of the circle. "So give it to us without preamble and whereases, ship-mate. You have the floor, and interruptions are out of order."

WHERE SPAIN AND
FRANCE MEET

"Yes, Max is a fine fellow, and he is now getting heaps of the poetry of life. When that Wall Street trust wanted his business, he fixed a price for it, got it, and then dedicated the remainder of his years to the lighter side of things than the smelting of refractory ores. Max has not only money to burn, but knowledge as well. Did you know that he never went to business without a French grammar tucked away in a side pocket?"

"That 's right enough, old chap; but we thought you were going to yarn about an automobile. Culture 's one thing, and motoring another," interrupted the youth suffering from speed mania. "We want you to come right down to the gasolene go-cart; for the hour is late, and soon we 'll be shutting up shop."

"As I was saying, Randolph gets out of life about all the fun that is to be had. When he cashed in after the smelter deal, he said, 'Now for sunny Spain — my wife, my daughter, and my time-tried friend and his good wife.' That 's how I was in the expedition," explained the Judge. "For the trip Max had constructed a car that was the last word for completeness and comfort, and it even carried a library, a medicine-chest, and an outfit of charts. It was probably the best

seventy ever put together. Oh, no; Max did n't hesitate when advised that Spain was anti-motor in sympathy, had no roads worthy of the name, and might be down on Uncle Sam for relieving her of her rebellious colonies that never paid their way. A man who had so improved a half-million-dollar plant that it had to be taken as the key-stone of a gigantic combination was n't to be discouraged by unfathered rumor from seeing dear old Spain.

"So we went to the country having the original copyright on the hemisphere discovered by Columbus. From Marseilles Max had brought under charter an extra car to serve as convoy and carry the servants and supplies. We made the dash from Carcassonne in France over the Eastern Pyrenees by way of Mont Louis, deposited with the customs officials at the frontier — who would take any other country's money but their own — the equivalent of eight hundred gold dollars on the two automobiles, and in a day's travel we seemed to set back the hands of time fully four centuries. My word, what a change it was! After the frontier bridge was crossed, the splendid Blue Peter found itself vaulting from one combing billow of solidified mud to another, in

THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE
NEAR BARCELONA

painful contrast with the ideal roads of France. Then came mountain ranges of petrified mud, the crags and peaks of which made the sturdy machine quiver with rage, as they made our hearts heavy with apprehension. At times the prospect was discouraging; but nothing fazed our glorious host.

"I 'm not going to detail the journey southward to Barcelona. That 's the blooming city where the nuts are supposed to come from, but of which we hear oftener as the place doing a land-office business in infernal machines and bombs to be used on kings and queens. Like a nursemaid and children at a zoo, we zigzagged about the province of Catalonia, where the people are constantly agitating for annexation to republican France. We worked our way across the plains of Aragon to enterprising Saragossa, climbed the precipitous rocks of Montserrat, and frightened the trusting monks with our machines in return for their hospitality; finally going south again to the Mediterranean to visit Tarragona. Travers may be glad to know that the Chartreuse liqueur is now made there, and that the business is carried on by a rich corporation that seems to employ a solitary monk to tend door and keep tourists from

entering, and who, when the evening whistle blows, doubtless dons street attire and goes home to his family.

"Then we visited Valencia and Alicante, and plucked dates and fragrant flowers in the renowned Oriental gardens of Elche. Big with interests does Valencia bulk; the redoubtable Cid ruled and died there; and one of the finest chambers in the world is its Lonja,— the produce exchange,— the spiral columns and groined roof of which are intoxicating to artistic temperaments. Valencia's beggars, many of them sickeningly deformed or crippled, are amusing specimens of humanity. With a smile that does not come off, and a manner Chesterfieldian in the extreme, they puff their cigarettes when asking a copper, and one's refusal to subscribe may even be met with the offer of a cheroot.

"One day we left the main road and went to the ruined monastery of Poblet, where, with the tombs of six or eight kings of ancient Aragon frowning disapproval upon our merriment, we managed to lunch sumptuously on the air-tights from the Blue Peter's hamper. Now and again we had to strike into the hinterland, when we might traverse entire counties of arid plains so barren of

MONUMENT TO COLUMBUS,
BARCELONA

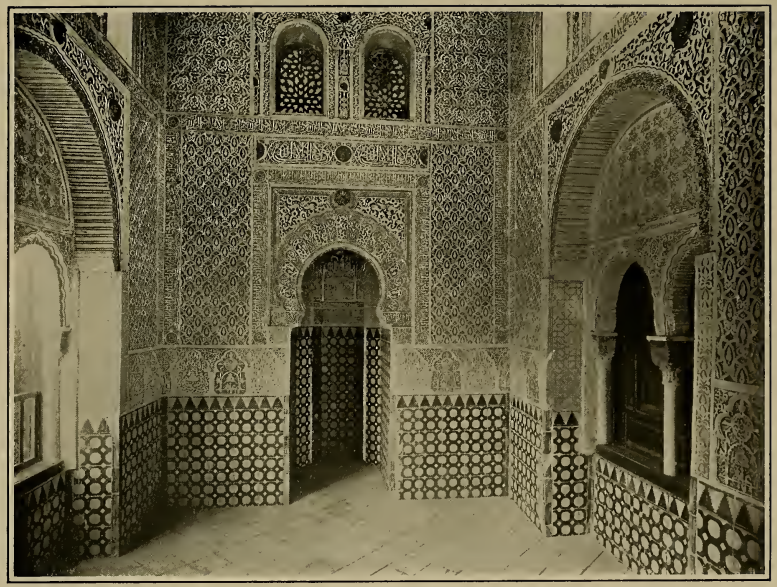
trees and other forms of vegetation that birds venturing there must of necessity carry their food with them.

"It 's true as gospel," continued the Judge; "and while the roads gradually improved, it was the expensive fact that we used up tires like cigars on a windy day at sea. But Max did n't mind. That smelter combine was good for anything when he was seeking recreation. My, how he jeered at a mob that chased us through a village with stones and sticks, down Valencia way! We all know how good he used to be to his crew when he raced the *Kedge Anchor.* Well, over in Spain, he was as tender-hearted and sympathetic as a girl with her first beau. The machines assessed a pretty heavy toll upon roadside dogs and chickens, but in every instance it was a case of suicide or the penalty for crass stupidity. A hundred times Max made his chauffeur slow down to get past herds of sheep and goats. Hens, we all know, are born without the instinct of self-preservation; and it is going to take a long time for Spanish dogs to sense the deadly speed of the motor-car. While Max was ever scary of getting the authorities after him with their *procès-verbal,* many a handful of coins did he throw to peasants

whose mangy dogs or idiotic fowls had been shoved into the next world by our car of Juggernaut. And I want to state with emphasis that Max's abandonment of yacht-racing has n't hurt to any alarming extent his chances for the hereafter.

"At a village called Santa Fé we saw the spot where it is claimed Queen Isabella's courier overtook Columbus, who, having received scant encouragement at the Alhambra, was already on the way to France to solicit financial aid for his voyage of discovery. Legend has it that the relenting Isabella watched from the parapets of the palace the pursuit by her messenger, and asserted her delight when she saw that the courageous Italian was retracing his steps. When we heard the story, we wondered what our nationality might first have been if that courier had gone about his mission in the snail-like manner of American messenger-boys. We probably should have been French or Portuguese.

"I 'll wager that not one of you ever heard of Lérida. There we were quartered in a *fonda* on the banks of the Segre, where tradition claims that Salome was decapitated by the ice, in retribution for her share in causing John the Baptist to lose



INTERIOR OF MOSQUE IN THE
ALHAMBRA, GRANADA

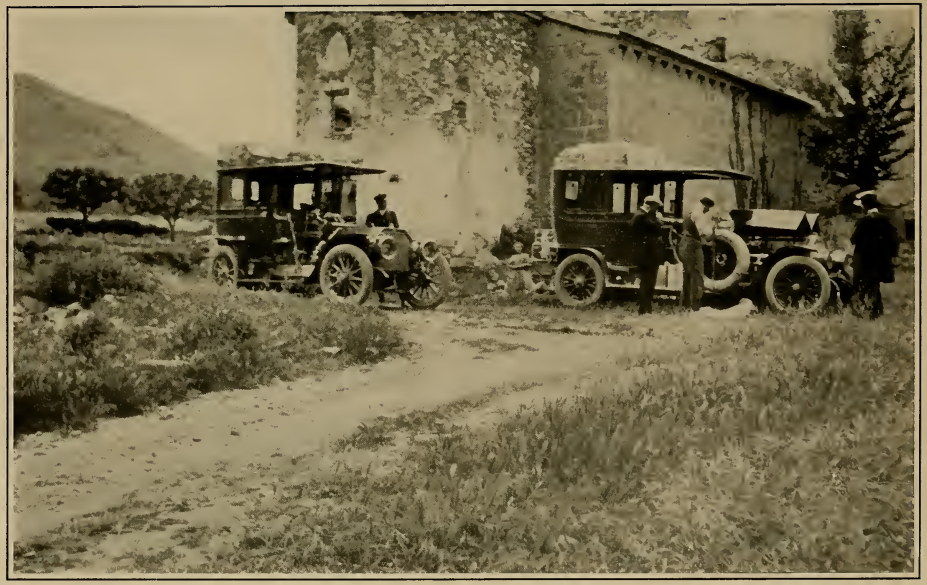
his head. Personally I thought the river's current too swift ever to allow ice to form; but when you warn people that a story is legendary, a tale may be as fantastic as you like.

"We took in Murcia, and viewed there the most wonderful wood-carvings in southern Europe, and in time rolled into picturesque Granada, where we got into touch again with what passes in the Peninsula for civilization. Not caring to spend an evening in a slimy cave, Max had the Gipsies come to the hotel and give their dances in the dining-room. And what do you think? There was no garage near the hotel, so autocratic Max bribed somebody to let the automobiles be quartered in the Alhambra; and there they stood for a week —actually in the place where Boabdil surrendered to Ferdinand and Isabella what remained of Moorish rule in Spain after eight hundred years of conflict! Gentlemen, that 's exactly what our dear old clubmate did; and he dealt with situations over there in Spain just as he used to sail matches for the Astor Cup off Brenton's Reef.

"From Granada we pushed on by the most abominable roads to Cordova, crossing the wind-swept plains made immortal by the antics of *Don Quixote,* and entered the wonderful city by the

bridge over the Guadalquivir originally built by Octavius Cæsar. I 'm positive that some of the roads in La Mancha had never known the tread of a rubber tire, and maybe had n't been used by anybody since the time of *Don Quixote* and his doughty squire.

"Surely you 'll laugh when I assert that there are good Gipsies, and I 'm not meaning to ring the changes on the story of the good Indian, either. We were careering along one afternoon through a region seemingly without inhabitants, on the way from Lorca to a town called Baza, on the side of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. So surprisingly good had the road been that Max wanted to do all manner of punitive things to slanderous acquaintances who had given Spanish roads a bad name, when, presto! our highway terminated abruptly, and without rhyme or reason. It sloughed off into a cobblestone mule-path that wound downward tortuously, before dropping into a narrow valley, wholly unsuspected from the plateau. The descent was precipitous, and at the bottom of the gorge flowed a stream. Nowhere did the eye behold habitation or sign of life; and we were surely face to face with what might be called a 'situation.' Descend we had to. And



AT POBLET

what do you suppose we discovered? A troglodyte Gipsy town of five or six thousand people—and in two minutes most of them were surrounding our cars, and as amazed over our advent and appearance as if we had dropped from Mars!"

"What language are you speaking—what is a troglodyte?"

"Cave-dweller; that 's all. In southern Europe hosts of people have no other homes. These Gipsies that I 'm telling you of had tunneled the clay cliffs of that gorge, and their houses were sometimes three-storied and had windows and chimneys. The men and women were as respectful as if we had come to pay a ceremonial visit. Extremely *chic* were the girls, and nearly all of them were tricked out with oleander blossoms in their raven hair. The men wore closely wound handkerchiefs under their sombreros, and with sandals fastened by strings crisscrossed up their legs, looked like singers in a brigand chorus. Well, these people, who are virtually independent of all Spanish law, were respectful to the point of punctiliousness, and the headman of the tribe showed us where to ford the stream and directed us to Baza by a safe and comfortable route. The ladies would have it that they had never seen a

cutthroat crew exercise greater restraint; but I thought those Gipsies fine people.

"At Seville we waxed enthusiastic over the Alcazar, raved about the Giralda Tower,—which suggested to Stanford White the tower over Madison Square Garden,—and worked up a heap of disappointment regarding the Murillo pictures. What a gem of patriotic art they have in the Seville cathedral, inclosing what Spanish people believe to be the corpse of Christopher Columbus! You may remember that a condition of the treaty of peace with Spain after the war was the granting of permission to remove Columbus's bones from Havana to the home country. But intelligent investigators assure us that the genuine skeleton is entombed in the cathedral of Santo Domingo City. The records prove that the hardy sea-dog died at Valladolid, but since that grim event there is much confusion as to the precise resting-place of his remains.

"No, none of us had our locks shorn or faces scraped by the *Barber of Seville*. That worthy may have been on the road with an opera company; at least, we did n't see him. We saw thousands of *Carmens* rolling cigars and cigarettes in the government tobacco factory, however.

ALICANTE'S FAREWELL TO
THE BLUE PETER

"From Seville we took the trail to Estremadura; got stalled on the Portuguese frontier near Badajoz, through need of gasolene; slept out nearly all of one night, until Max got supplies from a village ten miles away by paying the equivalent of sixteen good American dollars for two tins of inferior Yankee oil. He had to get it from the drug-stores, almost upon physician's prescription. I 'm telling you straight.

"Do you know about the mule teams in Spain? I 'll educate you, for some of you may make a cruise in that land, and I want to prepare you for what you would encounter. Virtually all the hauling is done by mules, and for that reason railroads lose money. A Spanish cart and its animals is as protracted a proposition as a continued story. The cart, on two wheels of enormous height, is very long. The shaft-mule is usually one that has outgrown its frolicsomeness, and hitched ahead of it in single file are four, five, or six lusty animals. And these perhaps are led by a pace-making donkey, picked for his short legs. This should complete the fore-and-aft dimensions of the outfit, but does n't, for sticking out behind the long cart is a pole-brake that impinges on the wheel when close-hauled by the stern tackle.

This postscript adds about eight feet more of length.

"Spanish carters seem only to sleep when on the road, and slumbering with them is no perfunctory habit. Well, you come upon this meandering file of mule flesh pounding along the middle of the road, and strive to sneak past. You might as well hope to wake the dead as to rouse the muleteer merely by blowing your horn. So you decide to crawl past the best way you can, and dubiously embark on the project. The fan-like ears of the wheel-mule detect your movement, and *biff!* he jumps to the side of the road, and your motor goes into the ditch or receives an awful scratching. The whole train of mules then become panic-stricken, each seeking to go his own sweet way. Well, you know what happens. I believe the word 'mix-up' was coined to fit the situation. The *arriero* is now awake, and comes rushing to the rear, but is too stupid to do anything beyond adding to the fright of the mules. From four to ten yelping curs, snapping at the chauffeur, or diving under your wheels, complete the jumble. The literary person venturing south of the Pyrenees with an automobile who writes a book called 'The Awakening of the Arriero,'

IN THE TROPICAL GARDENS
AT ELCHE

would make a hit, for the title would describe to a nicety the great feature of the trip.

"I must now get back to my muttons. We got fixed up at Badajoz, and then worked our way through the grain country to Toledo, and thence to Madrid. Once when we broke down we were drawn fifteen miles to a town by three trotting mules, who easily logged six knots an hour. Max's temper that day was not altogether angelic, and he saw no humor in the feeble joke having to do with the descent of his machine from seventy horse-power to 'three mule-power.' But motorists in medieval lands must not be choosers, and certainly not in the Iberian Peninsula.

"Anyway, in time, the capital was reached, and to get to a place having garages and repair-shops, and hotels possessing creature comforts unknown to *fondas* and *posadas*, was like placing a cooling draft to fever-parched lips. Mooning about southern Spain on a one-night-stand schedule, sleeping now in the coroneted bed of a palace, and again on the tiled floor of a *hacienda*, is n't all that is implied by the word 'luxury.' But not one of us would have missed the experiences of the primitive southland for millions in the stock that the other fellows were issuing on

Max's smelting-works. If you can live on food cooked in inferior olive-oil, and are not too particular where or when you sleep, touring in romantic Spain is all right.

"Madrid was great, and it was Mrs. Max's judgment that she liked the paintings of Murillo and Velasquez no better than she did the human pictures in the public squares, made up of swaggering soldiers, well-fed priests, and dashing hidalgos. It surely takes a good stomach to witness a Madrid bull-fight. Randolph said that Americans were too clean-strained to see anything in the sport but a display of human cowardice. We went to a star fight on Sunday, and when one of the loaferish picadors got bumped off his steed, Max gave his Comanche yell with such power that we feared there might be another Spanish-American War in consequence. The big fighter of the day was Bombita, who receives $2500 an appearance, and is a man of such agility and so clever at dodging that he has his bull incapacitated through rage in a few minutes. When I recognized his craftiness I could n't help thinking what a run-maker he would be at base-ball. We had a fine box in the row set apart for dons and donnas,

TOLEDO

and not far from the royalties, who have to go to the fights whether they approve of them or not.

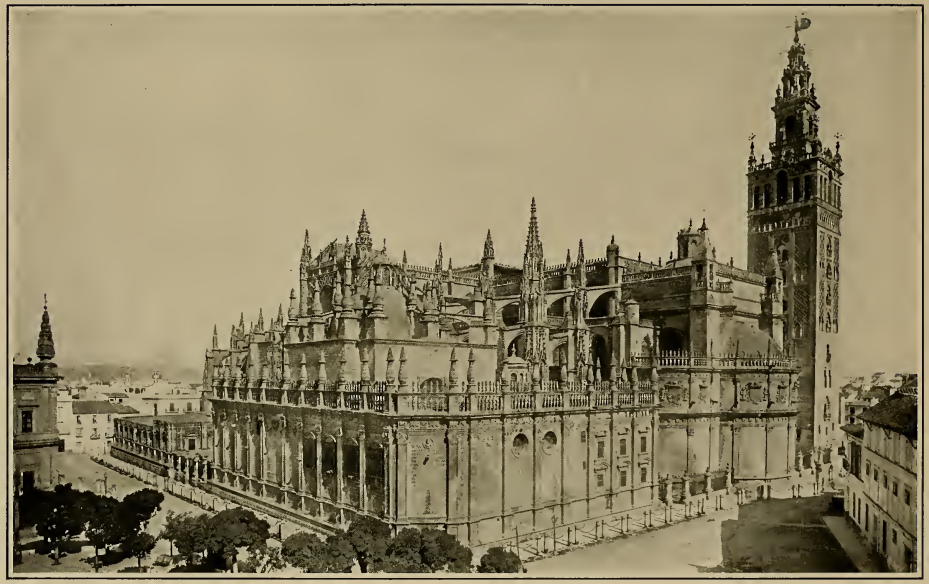
"What do you suppose they do with the dead bulls? Well, an hour after they have been so disgustingly put to death, they are cut up and carried away to second-rate butcher-shops, where poor people buy the meat at two thirds the price of animals slaughtered in the regular way. The bull-fight has one recommendation — it begins at the advertised time with a certainty permitting you to regulate your watch by it. In Spain nothing but the bull-fight is on time. Gentlemen, if you want to hate yourselves, and believe that you are polluted, body and soul, go and witness the killing of six splendid bulls, and the piecemeal disemboweling of fifteen or twenty old skates from the car-stables, on any Sunday in any Spanish city. Cock-fighting is an elevating pastime compared with the game where the bull and never the toreador is killed.

"Still, Madrid was just fine. We bought lottery-tickets daily, saw the Corpus Christi procession from our windows, and Max and the ladies bought virtually all the art junk in sight.

"Everything in this world comes in time to an

end, even a sojourn in Madrid. The hired car had been sent back to Marseilles, for Max had found it more of an irritant than a help to the expedition. The Blue Peter had been put in perfect order for roading, and had been tested by a couple of trips out to the Escorial. My, my, my, what a sight that Escorial is! If you ever want to see what art can do for us after we are dead, just have a look in at that royal mausoleum. Well, for his wife and daughter, Max had bought every valuable fan that struck their fancy, and commissions had been placed for copies of half the important paintings in the Prado; so there was nothing to do but set the time for striking the trail by way of Burgos and Vittoria for dear old France, with its excellent roads and the fluffy confections of the Rue de la Paix and the unfluffy luncheons of the Tour d'Argent.

" 'T was a clinking fine morning when the luggage was piled on the Blue Peter and we took our accustomed places within. Seven-thirty had been Max's time for sailing, and we were punctual to the dot. We hated to say good-by to the Puerto del Sol, for its tangle of humanity had entertained us when other interests failed. As we rolled out of Madrid that glorious morn-



SEVILLE CATHEDRAL

ing how perfectly the machine ran! It seemed vibrant with life and to represent the poetry of motion.

"Poor Maria Christina! thought some of us, as we passed the palace, one of the finest in all the world. What saddening news had trickled into that abode of the widowed queen and the kingly lad just ten years before! The messages from Manila and Santiago must have strained almost to breaking the heartstrings of that unfortunate pair; and while millions in America were jubilantly shouting that 'Dewey did n't do a thing to 'em,' there were sinking hearts in that palace, surely."

"Don't go on like that, Judge. You forget that I was an officer on a supply-ship, and that Travers likewise is a veteran of the Cuban war. Soft pedal the pathetic, say we."

"Boys, you are going to get this narrative just as you have to take a play or see a picture. So, on with the dance! We tried to make a jest at the expense of the royal stables and coach-houses as we saw the flunkies manipulating and polishing automobiles about the entrances. Frederica thought it boded well for laggard Spain when its potentates could discard their golden circus-wagons

for motor-cars, and she hoped that the thirteenth Alfonso's craze for motoring was to give smoother roads and friendly treatment during the remainder of our junket in his Catholic Majesty's land.

"Did you ever hear of La Granja? I guess not. Well, La Granja is the country-seat of the King and Queen, where they love to stay as soon as hot weather and too much kinging and queening drive them from Madrid. It is gloriously situated, up in the Guadarrama Mountains, sixty miles or so from the capital. There they remain for months, and without fuss and feathers lead the existence of normal beings.

"So much had we been told of the wondrous gardens of The Grange—that 's its name in English—that Max had planned to stop at the village for luncheon, trust to luck for finding a way of getting into the royal domain, and then go to Valladolid for the night. People who have read much know that the fountains at La Granja are the most perfect in the world, better even than those at Versailles. One of them, called the Baths of Diana, was constructed for the dyspeptic Philip V when he was away once on a military enterprise. Viewing it for the first time, he remarked that it had cost three millions, and had

THE ROYAL PALACE,
MADRID

amused him three minutes. That was his way of being agreeable and encouraging art.

"It surely was a day when it was a joy to be alive, and one had little need for drinking heavily of Valdepeñas for the sake of liking Spain. Through the suburbs of Madrid our chariot rolled, out past the church of San Antonio de la Florida, with its frescos by Goya, past the octroi barrier, and into the open country, dodging the mule teams as best we could.

"For twenty-five miles our track was over level roads, and then we found ourselves sinuously climbing the hills, with improving scenery. Far away to the left was the Escorial, with towers and domes bathed by the sun not yet many hours old. Up we went continually, with vistas increasing in grandeur, and the road becoming a zigzag. Down in the valley we could see a watercourse and a train meandering across the landscape. How curious the Guarda Civile men appeared! As we scurried past them, their attitude had a suspiciously ambiguous significance: their position by the roadside looked like the attitude of respect, but we noticed that their station was always elevated enough to permit their viewing the interior of the limousine.

"'Artful chaps,' said lynx-eyed Max; 'I 'll bet the King is at La Granja, and these fellows have to be sure that nobody gets up the mountains with a sackful of bombs. They say that Alfonso is a good sort, but I don't imagine we 'll see him. He may disapprove of Americans because we forced those twenty millions upon him for the Philippines,' mused Max.

"'No prejudiced political flings, dear,' remonstrated Mrs. Randolph. 'We have adopted those little brown brothers, and assimilate them we must.'

"'Right you are,' admitted Max, with an air of resignation. 'But we are touring in Spain, and I suppose that motor talk and gush about scenery must have the call. Is n't it just great to be swinging up these grades, with everything going well and everybody happy! Why, the car has n't even made a skip or a funny noise to-day. Think of those benighted millionaires over home getting round-shouldered from pulling in the dollars! I 'm truly sorry for them. A motorist's life for me!' And happy Max Randolph employed his vision and brain in admiring the diversity of God's handiwork in those Guadarrama heights, changing in grandeur with every turning of the highway.

THE PUERTA DEL SOL,
MADRID

"What was that? A pistol-shot? The heavy machine halted for an instant. The chauffeur muttered, '*sal bête*,' and we knew that the road had demanded extra toll.

"Slowly the car started backward, and gained momentum at a rate meaning disaster if maintained for one brief minute. Then the tires crunched in broken stone, and the flight of Max's land yacht was arrested by trap-rock piled by the roadside. We had been climbing the hill on the first speed, when the change-speed lever suddenly slipped from the ratchet. With his foot the chauffeur applied the brake on the differential, and this gave way. He then sought to put on the hand-brake, but this also snapped, and with a report loud enough to suggest a pistol-shot. Knowing that the brakes could not be employed, Léon had deftly guided the machine backward to the nearest point of safety, shunning the side of the road overhanging the precipice. There had been no shadow of danger, but to us in the car it looked as if we were dashing backward to kingdom come, and had no stop-over privilege.

"There we were, pinioned high and dry on the rubble mound. That was all. The chauffeur

thought the injury might be repaired in an hour or so. But we believed differently, for it was our opinion of Léon that he held the record as a bad predictor.

"Max accepted the situation philosophically, thanking his stars that the mishap had occurred at half-past nine in the morning, rather than at nightfall and with a nebulous idea of the distance to the next town, as had been our experience more than once. All hands promptly got to work to free the machine from the stone-heap, and every one seemed determined to make the best of the situation.

"Pretty soon the *chug-chug* of an automobile rose from the valley, and in a few minutes we saw a long, low-bodied machine swinging around the curves as if pursued by the evil one. A moment later it halted beside us. The driver and his mate, garbed in leather, had the look of submarine divers. They vaulted like acrobats from their machine, made an instantaneous study of our fracture, jabbered in French to Léon, and in half a minute were back in their car. To Max they explained apologetically that, as they were king's messengers, they dare not stop longer, but when they returned from La Granja, if we were still in

THE ESCORIAL, NEAR MADRID

trouble, they would do what they could to help us. Then they turned on their power and fairly flew up the mountain and in the twinkling of an eye were lost to view. Max remarked that if he were in the insurance business he would not care to have a risk on those human cannon-balls.

"Under our car hopeful Léon was as busy as a beaver, but the rest of us were — well, not very cheerful. Max and I may have used language not altogether uplifting; but the ladies, bless them! pretended not to look on the dark side of things. They found a place up the bank where they said our *al fresco* luncheon would be served at noon, and then sat on the guard-stones of the precipice side of the highway and gazed out into the blue ether of God's glorious universe. Max told me that he believed they were weighing the chances of passing the night in a peasant's house, provided a farmer could n't be induced to let his cattle draw us to La Granja.

"Wonderfully keen are some ears. If my wife had been beleaguered at Lucknow, I 'm sure she would have heard the pipes of the Campbells hours before the Scotch lassie perceived the approach of the relieving force.

"'I hear *chug-chugging* far down there,' insisted

Phyllis, 'and it grows more distinct. It surely is a machine coming this way.'

"'You are a marvel for noticing things,' said Mrs. Max. 'And your ears tell you true. There it is, there, at the point of the zigzag. And what a splendid auto! I believe its coming is providential, and has a meaning for us stranded mortals.'

"Five minutes later this car of destiny, with bright yellow body and red running-gear, was beside us. And what an elaborate escutcheon it bore on its panels — the arms of Spain, and no mistake! Off went the power, and a gentleman opened the door and stepped out. What manners, what grace, and what dignity! Surely the Spanish grandee is no figment of the brain, for here, stepping into life from the frame of the limousine door, was a courtier, and one of the old school. It was no apparition, for apparitions never wear solitaire pearls on faultlessly folded neck-scarfs. And what a pearl it was!

"Here was where Max got into action. You remember those language-books he used to carry about? Well, after parley-vooing for a round, he took the hidalgo on in Spanish worthy of a Castilian, while there was much doffing of hats and bow-

INTERIOR OF A
SPANISH BULL-RING

ing and scraping. The don explained that he could not place his machine at our service, for he was hurrying to La Granja for a conference with his Majesty, and the appointment was only half an hour away, while twenty stiff miles separated his destination from the scene of our mishap. Might he take us on to the royal village? No; Max and I could n't desert the ship. The ladies, then? And could his chauffeur telephone back to the capital for a repair-car that would bring duplicate parts? Too polite was he to look at his watch, but we knew he wanted to do so. Max had to think and answer quickly, and in no time a leather despatch-box was shifted from the limousine, the three ladies were given seats within, the smooth stranger took his place beside the chauffeur, said '*Adios*' to us, and the canary-colored vehicle scooted up the hills, and in less than a minute had disappeared from the landscape.

"'That was a quick deal,' said I, catching my breath. 'I wonder who the man is who has levanted with our women-folks, and what arrangement did you make for ever seeing them again? I 'm fond of Phyllis, and have no wish to lose her here in these mountains.'

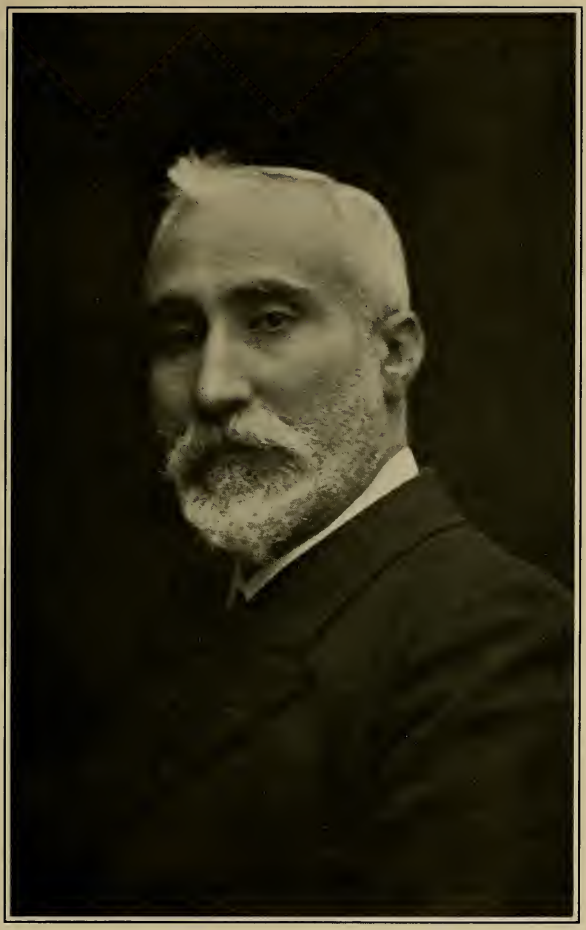
"Sort of nettled, Max replied: 'A name is

nothing in a case like this. Could n't you see that he was patrician, and all wool and a yard wide at that? He 's to deposit the ladies at the inn near the palace gates, and they are to wait there until we come along, to-day, to-morrow, or next year. Between his chauffeur and Margaret a command for assistance is going to be 'phoned to Madrid, take my word for it. Now let 's turn to and help Léon.'

" The chauffeur thought he could fix things in an hour or two so that we might get under way. We, who had never known Léon to be right, doubted it. A long spanner handle was in time clamped to the broken rod, rove with many yards of wire, and Max and his man crept triumphantly from beneath the machine. While the tools were being gathered up, along came a couple of those Guarda Civile, hoofing it down the hills. They were very sympathetic, and seemed hurt when assured there was nothing they could do for us.

" Max thanked them for their courteous offer, and they bowed low, with hands upon their hearts.

" ' Oh, yes, *amigos ;* who went up the hills an hour or so back in a splendid yellow machine with the arms of Spain on the doors?' Max asked.



HIS EXCELLENCY SEÑOR MAURA,
SPAIN'S LEADING STATESMAN

"The way those friendly gendarmes pulled themselves together was a caution. They straightened instantly, brought their heels into touch, raised their right hands to the salute, and this is what the corporal said:

"'It was his Excellency the Prime Minister of Spain.'

"And this was what dear old Max said, if I must tell the story as it happened: 'Well, I 'll be blanked!'

"I was too flabbergasted to articulate, let me tell you.

"After a bit, Léon cranked the engine and luckily found that he had made good, so we piled into the car and joyfully struck the pike for our families. We went up the grade for safety at a dog-trot. What scenery! There 's nothing grander in all Spain. Up we went over the ridge, and only a very few hundred feet above us were peaks crowned with snow which would remain in their shrouds of white until the July sun swept them away. Then we descended slightly, and for a few miles traveled a winding road guarded by sentinel pines. Now and then we saw gendarmes, but they pretended not to notice us. Doubtless they had received assurances from

somebody that no peril to their Majesties lurked in our poor, limping chariot.

"When Max unlimbered, we had a good talk and laugh, and we wondered if our spouses knew by whom they had been carried off, and whose hospitality they were accepting. 'Judge,' said my host after a bit, 'I am such a muff for not knowing the man that I fear my intellect is n't what it should be. For months we 've been reading of Spain's big man, Señor Maura, whose genius is molding the country into business shape, and who is the mainstay of the King. Since we 've been in the Peninsula I 've seen his face in newspaper cartoons a hundred times; and yet I did n't know the Premier in the flesh. Somehow I got the idea that he was a kid-gloved court doctor responding to a hurry call from La Granja.'

"We did a good deal of tooting as we crept into the village and pulled up before the inn, feeling maybe just a little elated over our mastery of untoward circumstances. Our families might see something heroic in what we had done, we thought.

"'Is this a hamlet in reality, or a scene from a comic opera?' Max asked when we got down from the car. 'If a stockinged old man with

KING ALFONSO XIII OF SPAIN, AND
THE PRINCE OF THE ASTURIAS

mottled face ambles from one of these doorways and announces, "Here come the villagers," I shall believe we 're in a Broadway play-house.' And a funny place it surely was. There was only one street, which had in its center a tree-shaded promenade. Traffic came and went by roadways at the sides. Before archaic barracks basked soldiers of every degree, while a drill-master struggled with a very awkward squad of yokel lads, putting them through their paces almost by brute force. Across from the inn was the barracks of a theatrically attired corps of halberdiers in attendance upon his Majesty. From the open casements of another building surged the noises of a fife and drum corps slaving to add to its repertory a selection meant to delight royalty.

"Officers in jaunty dress passed up and down the avenue, and were honored with a bugle salute whenever their steps took them to the entrance of their quarters. Aides in the uniforms of the royal service, naval as well as military, came and sat at the shaded tables before the inn, and now and then one was served with a stimulating draft. These military men in the employment of the King were agreeably *en rapport* with the loitering soldiers of the church; and it was beautiful to

witness the *camaraderie* back and forth. Horses with smart English saddles were led up and down by grooms in spectacular livery, and at the upper end of the avenue rose the palace, with a church at its entrance; for in Spain church and state are almost one, we know.

"A landau drawn by phlegmatic horses, the driver and footman of which were heavy with braid and gold lace, passed inconspicuously down the roadway. Clarion salutes rose from the bugles at the barracks, and every idler in uniform stood for a moment with hand raised to his cap, while civilians of every caste faced the vehicle with bared heads. It was the Queen going for an airing, the maiden who was translated from the Isle of Wight to the Spanish throne, and every soldier and every civilian who acknowledged her presence would willingly fight for her.

"Such was the village at the gates of the royal home. Every person had business, official or menial, with the proud court of Spain. We have read of similar scenes—in the romances of Anthony Hope, and in books describing life in the capitals of German grand duchies; but they were more interesting to view through the eye than through the mind, I must tell you.

AN APPROACH TO THE PALACE,
LA GRANJA

THE LONG VISTA,
LA GRANJA

"Did these chaps evince curiosity over our broken automobile? Did they? Gentlemen, the coming of a pink elephant with three rows of legs could n't have interested them more. Why, the census of the hamlet could have been taken right there where the machine was jacked up that the rear wheels and springs might be taken off. Everybody, from grandee to gamin, came for a 'looksee.' There was such a flow of inquisitive people from the palace that we soon surmised that the Premier had not been silent as to what had happened down the road. The proffers of aid and the gratuitous advice kept Léon busy in declining them with thanks.

"Pretty soon there came down the avenue a husky young man in brass-mounted uniform, whom the secret service chief—he had buttonholed us five minutes after our arrival and told us who and what he was—informed us was his Majesty's head chauffeur.

"And a fine fellow he proved himself. He said he had been ordered by his august master to do all in his power to help us, adding that his Majesty had placed his repair-shop at our disposal, and that Señor Maura and one of the Yankee ladies had ordered a wrecking-party to come from Madrid.

"Oh, yes; about the ladies. We had not forgotten them, even if they failed to hear our tooting and witness our triumphal entry into the court town. Oh, dear, no! The secret-service fellow had described their having been set down at the inn by the great man, and told us that a chamberlain from the palace had summoned them a few minutes later to the gardens. It seemed to be his opinion that the freedom of the establishment had been conferred upon them, and that they were being shown about. What a predicament, we thought, for three shrinking Americans to be in, there at a monarchical court!

"We succeeded in getting everybody together for a late luncheon at the inn, however; and what a torrent of chatter came from our wives and Frederica! You may imagine how they liked La Granja. I feared they might decide to buy building-lots and settle in the neighborhood, or that longing for an international marriage was already budding in a certain youthful heart. There were three women from a republic converted in a jiffy to court customs. And of course there was no royal seat quite equal to La Granja, whose fountains made those in the Place Concorde look like penny squirts. Best of all, they had seen the

THE SEGOVIA GATE,
LA GRANJA

baby Prince of the Asturias in his perambulator, and playing with a toy,—not a Teddy bear, thank goodness!—and he was of course just too sweet for anything. The chamberlain told them that his Royal Highness already had the Order of the Golden Fleece, that a month before he had been made honorary member of a crack regiment, and that when he reached the mature age of two years it was expected that he would be created an admiral in the fleet.

"The afternoon wore along, and the crowd about the motor seemed to increase. Everybody from the palace grounds—ladies and gentlemen in attendance, equerries and other courtiers, maids and flunkies of every station—managed to get a pretty good line on the progress of repairs before returning to their duties. And in time, Léon and the King's man, swathed in greasy overalls, had things in readiness for the relief party's arrival.

"Toward nightfall Max and Mrs. Max and I strolled up to the royal chapel to view the tawdry tomb of Philip V, and then found a place on a park bench to be away from the excitement down the avenue. The vesper-bells had rung, and we were watching the priests going to read their offices, when the gates of the palace swung open,

and two men came down the path. Bent with years was one, but the other was a lad in the early twenties, slender and erect, who walked with the springy step unmistakably proving his happiness. He was attired like a well-groomed summer youth anywhere, at Cowes, at Newport, or hurrying to catch the train for Tuxedo. The suit of striped flannel with trousers turned up, the polished russet boots, and the modish cap and plain walking-stick, suggested a London origin as distinctly as a fondness for the open air and for healthy recreations.

"'Who in the world can that be?' said Mrs. Max. 'Surely he is somebody we have seen, or whose picture we have constantly before us. Do you suppose he is—'

"'That 's who it is: it 's the King himself.' Max completed the sentence.

"It was his Most Catholic Majesty Alfonso XIII, high forehead and heavy under jaw, precisely as we had seen his face on the pesetas and postage-stamps all those weeks; we needed no Sherlock Holmes to tell us that.

"This was the King of twenty-three years, who, when *en vacaciones,* fishes the streams and reservoirs of La Granja, plays polo nearly every

ROMAN VIADUCT,
SEGOVIA

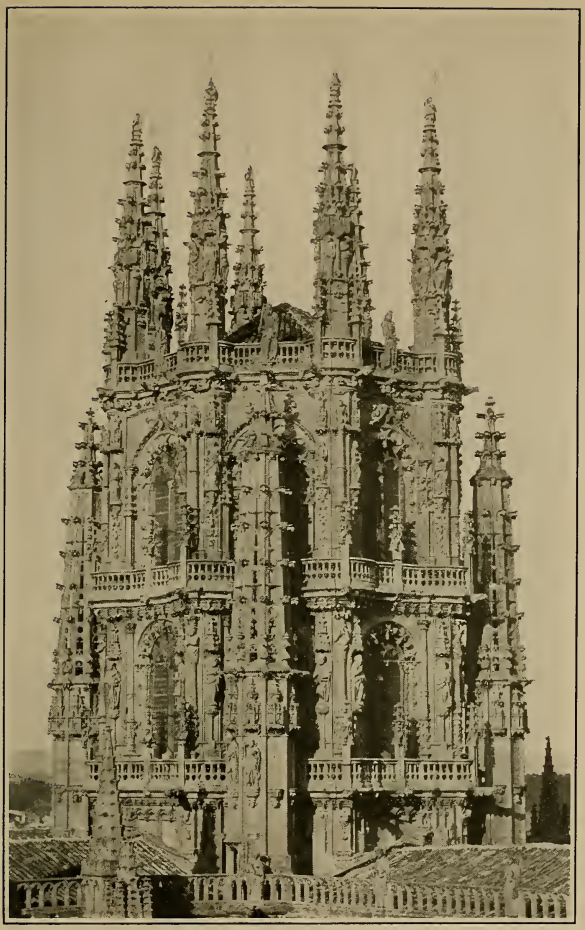
day with horsemen chosen from the court circle and the army, who is a fearless motorist, and who in athletic sports permits no favor that might not fall to any competitor. As horseman, motorist, or yachtsman no one in Spain can be more popular than this youth born to wear a crown.

"With a grace at once natural and simple, the royal youth bowed and raised his cap three or four times, seeming to smile his acknowledgment at being recognized, and making a point of directing the bulk of his courtliness at Mrs. Randolph. Max and I rose to the etiquette of the situation, and gave salute for salute until he was rods beyond us. If I 'm any judge of humanity, that young man would have liked to have found a place on our bench and to have discussed the merits of rival makes of automobiles, question us as to the cost of tires in different parts of Europe, and get a statement as to whether we preferred a chain-driven to a shaft-driven car. But this personage, born a king, whose titles and dignities require a page of the 'Almanach de Gotha' to recite, had an errand down the road. Was he out for a constitutional, think you?

"Hardly. We knew where he was bound; and

we believed he had refrained all the afternoon, like an imprisoned school-boy, from doing what he was longing to do. Of course he wanted to see that crippled Blue Peter for himself, and have a hand or voice in getting it fixed up. In reasoning and desires a juvenile king must be like any normal youth; and the motor-car is certainly bringing men of every language and degree into kinship through that form of reading and conversation that might be called 'gasolene talk.'

"Very amusing was it to watch the manœuvers of his Majesty. He turned first from the avenue and passed the halberdiers' quarters, getting a bugle salute; then his springy stride took him past the barracks of the infantry battalion, where likewise he was noisily saluted; but there was his Majesty, escorted by the elderly duke, headed straight for the Blue Peter. And the strange object entering slowly through the town gates, what could it be? It had the slate color of a battleship, but the body falling rearward from the machinery had the slatted construction of a kindling-wood delivery-cart. And the four chaps in blue blouses, looking like French railway porters, who could they be? Could it be a float representing



A TOWER OF
BURGOS CATHEDRAL

a leading industry, with artisans in place, rehearsing for a fête?

"No. It was the relief expedition ordered from Madrid many hours previously. And the Johnnies in blue jumpers were the mechanics sent to assist in replacing the broken parts. Because the garage people had despatched enough traps and tools to make a new car, and apparently had sent every available man in the capital, proved nothing, save that the 'system' was at fault—we always say that when chary of criticizing people. Perhaps the message had been a bit vague, and maybe businesslike orders are not habitually received from a royal seat.

"However, there the perambulating life-raft was, and there also was the King directing the men: his man, our man, everybody. Gentlemen of the royal household assisted in ordering torches from the barracks, in preparation for evening work, and the monarch commanded his chauffeur to have the machine-shop prepared with power for emergencies."

"Over here," broke in Travers, "we would call that bossing the job."

"Not so, mate. Alfonso simply directed. But

in doing this he repeatedly stooped to see how matters were under the Blue Peter, and for a quarter of an hour the gulf separating his potential self and the toiling chauffeurs and the Madrid mechanics, was no more than might be between master and men here in Uncle Sam's land. That he enjoyed the situation was plainly evident, for the solicitous duke had repeatedly to warn Spain's leading motorist that the hour for dinner at the palace had arrived.

"The royal *chef* may have had a few gastronomic creations that evening that went to the table overdone or cold. By torchlight, after the Madrid navvies had had a good tuck-in at the hotel, the six-cylindered Blue Peter was persuaded and bolted into a condition equal to new.

"Oh, but what a noise there was in the village that night! It was the firing of an artillery salute of twenty-one guns from a point not ten yards from our automobile, to proclaim to the world, and to the loyal people of Spain in particular, that a child had been born to the illustrious twain dwelling at La Granja.

"Of course we could not depart the next forenoon until it had been formally announced at the solemn gathering within the palace of members

A HALT BY THE ROADSIDE

of the royal family and the available high officials of the court and church, that the royal infant and the girlish Queen Victoria were both doing as well as could be expected. Perhaps it was the vigor of the booming guns that told us it was a boy, for this was the fact, and it was additionally interesting that the little stranger was the first son to be born to a King of Spain at La Granja in the memory of man.

"When christened, his Royal Highness had a string of names as long as one of those mule teams down in Andalusia, but the name by which he will be known is Prince Jaime.

"Max took such an interest in the auspicious event that he wanted to order the finest automobile to be had in Europe for that little Jaime. But tourists falling by the wayside must n't be too forward in celebrating royal birthdays, he decided. But from a Paris jeweler's the ladies sent the chivalrous Prime Minister a splendid St. Christopher medal, which we hear is doing heroic service in protecting from mishap that yellow automobile with the Spanish arms on the panels.

"Boys, that episode over there in the Guadarrama Mountains must not be classed as an acci-

dent, but as an incident freighted with historical importance.

"When once we had the moral courage to put court life behind us, how we did scamper across what remained of Spanish soil! And the Blue Peter behaved as if seeking to live down the past and by faithful performance secure eternal forgiveness. With each kilometer the roads improved.

"At Segovia we stopped to view the Roman aqueduct; and at Valladolid we were shown the house bearing the proud announcement, 'Here Lived Cervantes,' and in another street we inspected the rookery embellished with a tablet proclaiming to all and sundry that 'Here Died Columbus.' Until Philip II moved his court with bag and baggage to Madrid, Valladolid was Spain's capital. In the Peninsular War, a hundred years ago, when Napoleon was n't using the town as headquarters, the Duke of Wellington was. The place is now dull and stupid, but the patio of the Colegio de San Gregorie, with its spiral columns and frieze embellished with the arms of the Catholic kings, is artistic enough to make one forget the comfortless hotel.

"Burgos is great, let me tell you. Think of asphalted streets in Spain! Well, they are there,

FAREWELL TO SPAIN

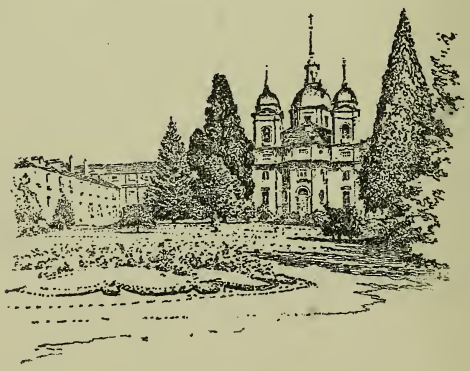
in Burgos, sure enough. But the climate. Ugh! The plateau winds sweep the city with a polar-like chill that penetrates to one's marrow. It is claimed all over northern Spain that Burgos has ten months of winter and two of Hades. Burgos cathedral is a corker, and if you could know when its tapestries were to be shown at some important festival, it would be worth walking to Spain from Paris just to see them, if one had no other means of getting there. Burgos was the birthplace of El Cid, and a box ironed to a wall in the cathedral is alleged to contain his mortal remains.

"Quitting Burgos for Vittoria, the Blue Peter quickly ran us out of Castile and into the progressive and up-to-date Basque Provinces; and soon after leaving Vittoria the descent from the 3000-feet-high plateau began. So perfect were the roads, and the traffic so infrequent, that Léon at times let the automobile speed at a kilometer-a-minute clip. In the valley of the Oro, where we had the highway to ourselves, we actually distanced a passenger-train going in the same direction so badly that we had been in San Sebastian quite an hour before the train put in an appearance at the station.

"Yes, that San Sebastian is all right, and when making up an itinerary you might do worse than add the royal watering-place to the list of towns to be visited.

"When the day came for saying farewell to the 'land of romance,' we made a quick jump across the frontier to Biarritz, stopping on the line only long enough for Max to recoup from the customs officials the gold left weeks before in an unpromising adobe shack over on the eastern boundary of the country.

"To be sure they did! They came near giving us heart-disease by paying back every peseta of the amount, I 'll admit; but as a governmental proposition, I want to tell you, Spain is all right, and is paying a hundred cents on the dollar!"



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